

1489.728

VENUS and *ADONIS*;
A
MASQUE.

By Mr. *CIBBER*.

Price Six Pence.

A

VENUS and ADONIS

A

M A S O L L E



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Venus and Adonis:

A

M A S Q U E.

As it is Presented at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by Mr. CIBBER, and set to
MUSIC by Dr. PEPUSCH.

Cælo prefertur Adonis.
Hunc tenet, huic comes est——— Ovid.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the
Cross-Keys between the Temple-Gates in Fleet-
street. 1715.

VENUE and ADVERTISE

A

M A S Q U E

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL



Written by M. CLEVER, and set to
Music by DAVID PERCIVAL

Printed by J. DODD, at the
Golden-Boy, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

Price 1s. 6d.

LONDON:
Printed for B. KNEVELL, at the
Golden-Boy, between the Temple-Gate, and
St. Dunstons Church-yard. 1758.

THE
PREFACE.

THE following Entertainment is an Attempt to give the Town a little good Musick in a Language they understand : For no Theatrical Performance can be absolutely Good, that is not Proper ; and how can we judge of its Propriety, when we know not one Word of the Voice's Meaning ? But perhaps this is not all that the Italian Language has of late impos'd upon us ; most of our Opera's being (if possible) as miserably void of Common Sense in their Original, as the Translation : Nay, the Tyranny is carried yet farther ; for the Songs are so often turn'd out of their Places, to introduce some Absurd favourite Air of the Singer, that in a few Days the first Book you have bought, is reduc'd to little

The PREFACE.

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little more than the Title-Page of what it pretends to ; and as it now stands, the whole Entertainment seems to be dwindled into a Consort of Instruments ; for a Voice that is not understood, has in reality no more Meaning than the Fiddle that plays to it : And thus, by slavishly giving up our Language to the Despotick Power of Sound only, we are so far from establishing Theatrical Musick in England, that the very Exhibition or Silence of it seems entirely to depend upon the Arrival or Absence of some Eminent Foreign Performer. By this sort of Conduct, the vast Sums that have been levied for the Support of it, have only ended in its Abuse and Prostitution. And (though the insolent Charms of the Opera seem to be above it) why should we suppose that a little plain Sense should do Musick any more harm, than Virtue does a Beautiful Woman ? And 'tis but a melancholy Proof of its Power, that it has been so long able to keep Nonsense in Countenance.

It is therefore hoped, that this Undertaking, if Encourag'd, may in time reconcile
Musick

The PREFACE.

Musick to the English Tongue. And, to make the Union more practicable, it is humbly moved, that it may be allow'd a less Inconvenience, to hear the Performer express his Meaning with an imperfect Accent, than in Words, that (to an English Audience) have no Meaning at all: And at worst, it will be an easier Matter to instruct two or three Performers in tolerable English, than to teach a whole Nation Italian.

After having said so much of its Absurdities; it will be but Just to allow the Excellencies of the Italian Composition; the Manner of it being indisputably superior to all Nations for a Theatre: And 'tis hoped this Entertainment will want nothing of the Italian, but the Language.



The PERSONS.

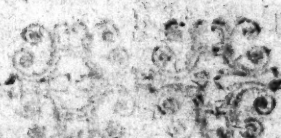
Venus, **Mrs. Barbier.**

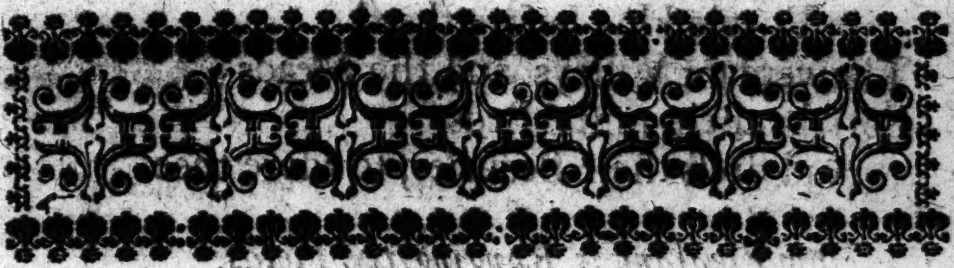
Adonis, **Mrs. Marga. Le Pine.**

Mars, **Mr. Blackly.**

Chorus of Huntsmen.

The SCENE is in the *Idalian-Woods.*





Venus and Adonis.

1st INTERLUDE.

Adonis Entering from a Wood.

Adon.



Ail ! bright *Aurora* ! Blush-
 [ing Mild,
 Life-giving Goddess, Hail !
 What Mortal would dis-
 solve in Sleep,
 And lose the Rising Views

Which thy creating Beams present ?
 O ! how transporting 'tis, to see
 Thy Glories chase the Shades,
 And gild the Globe anew ?

B

See !

See! how the Mountains raise their Heads
In Purple Hue before thee!

The verdant Valleys and the Meads
Forake their misty Beds,

And dress their Beauties, to adore thee.

How Pleasant is Ranging the Fields,

*When we mount with our Hounds in the Morn-
What spirit the Exercise yields!* [ing?

When we Hollow,

And follow

The Scent ever Burning?

How Pleasant, &c.

Venus descends from her Chariot.

But soft! What Nymph is this?

Whose gaudy Form and Dress

Seem rather of a Court,

Than of the Rural Sport?

Ven. Ah! sweet Adonis form'd for Joy!

Ah! Blooming lovely Boy,

Have Pity on a Goddess Pain?

Since Gods themselves have sigh'd for me,

Ah! let not Venus sigh for thee,

Dear charming Youth, in vain.

Ah! sweet Adonis, &c.

Adon. O! Bounteous Goddess! you misplace

The Blessings you on me bestow;

My Joy is only in the Chace,

I to Diana's Altar bow.

With

*With her alone I'll live, and die,
But Love shall ever flye:
Yet when the Game is chac'd in view,
Like Lightning I pursue.*

With her alone, &c.

Your Leave, bright Goddess — [Going.

Ven. ————— Hold!

I've more to say —

Adon. ————— The Morning's Cold,
Beside, the Sport expects me —

Ven. ————— Where?

Adon. In yonder Vale —

Ven. ————— Ah! do not fear;
Stay and improve thy Pastime here.

*Swain, thy foolish Sports give over,
Joys immortal thou shalt find:
Sweeter Pleasures you'll discover,
When the Queen of Beauty's Kind.*

Swain, &c.

Adon. In vain of Love you praise the Joy
To an unskilful Beardless Boy;
I've heard Men talk of Sighs and Kisses,
But can't imagine where the Bliss is:
Then I'm too Young to be deceiv'd,
And you too Fair to be believ'd.

Ven. Who could deceive such blooming Cl arms?
Or after thine, seek other Arms?

VENUS and ADONIS:

Adon. Nor Truth nor Beauty touch my Sense,
For I am all Indifference.

*Cease your vain Teazing,
Love is Unpleasing,
No Heart shall brave me,
Mine is my own :
Why should a Creature,
Weaker by Nature,
Think to enslave me,
With Smile or Frown ?
Cease, &c.*

Ven. Ah ! *Venus* lost ! thy Charms no more
Let flatt'ring God's pretend t'adore ;
In vain they stile me Bright, and Fair,
While of a Mortal I despair :
No ! no ! my Folly soon shall cease,
Revenge or Pride shall give me Ease.

*Cupid ! Cupid ! Bend thy Bow,
Revenge ! revenge thy Mother's Pain :
Let his Heart my Torment know,
What 'tis to Love, and Love in vain.*

Alas ! alas ! it will not be !
The more I struggle to be free,
The more I gall me with the Chain,
And but increase my Pain.

MASQUE

Hunting Horns at a Distance.

Adon. Hark ! how the cheerful Horn
Proclaims the waisting Morn !
The jolly Sports-men mend their Pace
To the appointed meeting Place

Ven. Curse on those noisy Sounds ! — O stay !

Adon. I cannot lose the Sport, and must away.

Ven. Hast thou no Sense of what I bear ?
My Pains nor Pleasures wilt thou share ?

Adon. Forbear ! forbear thy vain Embrace,
If thou with me wilt Pleasure share
Tie up thy Robes, and Ringlet Hair,
And follow to the Chase.

*How silly's the Heart of a Woman,
When Court'd by many, to fly ?*

But when she is follow'd by no Man,

For one she will Languish and Die :

Begsiling,

And smiling,

Now Coying,

Then Toying,

She'll her Fancy pursue,

Designing,

Or Whining,

She'll Vex ye,

Perplex ye,

And all that pursue her, undo.

How silly, &c.

Ven.

14 *VENUS and ADONIS:*

Ven. Such Scorn and Insult can I bear!
 But hold! from far
 I see the Jealous God of War;
 Some other Hour I must employ
 To melt this Frozen Boy. [*Afide*]
 Well! Cold *Adonis*! since the Charms
 Of Rural Sports
 (Tho' *Venus* courts)
 Must snatch thee from my Arms,
 Yet e're we part,
 Bid me Farewel, and Ease my Heart.

[*Air in two Parts.*]

Adon. Farewel *Venus*! Welcome Pleasure!
 I must to the Groves away.

Ven. Dear *Adonis*! O my Treasure,
 I could here for ever stay.

Adon. When my Sporting knows no measure,
 Think what Joy it is to me:

Ven. When thy Sporting gives the Leisure,
 Think I Languish here for thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

2d INTER.



2d INTERLUDE.

SCENE the Side of a large Wood.

Mars alone.

FROM Wars Alarms,
To Shady Groves retir'd,
Behold the God of Arms,
By softer Charms inspir'd,
Bids all Imperial Discord cease,
To taste superior Joys in Peace.

*Beauty now alone shall move him,
Mars shall know no Joy but Love,
Let the wiser Gods reprove him,
Tender Wishes,
Melting Kisses,
Mutual Blisses,
Beauty Charming,
Love Allarming,
Raise the Soul to Joys above,*

*Down to these Woods descending,
Venus oft beguiles the Day,*

And

And to be follow'd, sure, intending,
 When she sends her Doves away:
 Then softly tread this Pathless Cover,
 And bless the Hero in the Lover.

[Exit]

Adonis from another Wood, with Huntsmen.

Adon. No more! no more!

Your fruitless Toil give o'er,

Our Sport is crost;

Was ever Day so lost?

Call in the Hounds, that stand at gaze,
 The Morrow's Morn may mend our Chace.

[Exeunt Huntsmen]

Come, sweet Repose, thou welcome Guest,
 Laborious Pleasures call for Rest.

[He lays himself on a Bank]

Gentle Slumbers Life relieving,

Lull my Senses, unperceiving,

Give my Toils their due Repose:

Wasted Spirits, every Creature

Must supply, and weary Nature

Will our drooping Eye-lids close.

[Sleeps]

Venus enters, not seeing him.

Ven. This Way the jolly Huntsmens Hollow,
 Bids the wand'ring Venus follow:
 Let Mars the Woodlands beat in vain,
 While I pursue my lovely Swain —

And see I ye Powers! my Charmer's found
In envy'd Sleep's Embraces bound! —
O! that the circling Seas would ever
This Grove from all Approaches sever!
Since tend'rest Touching may awake my Boy.
Ah! softly, gently let me steal the Joy.

[Kisses him.]

Around thee, let the warbling Choir
In melting Notes soft Dreams of Love inspire.

Chirping Warblers,
Tune your Voices inspiring,
All the Passion of Venus desiring,
Let your Musick
In Dreams warm a Lover,
Whom awaking,
My Heart must give over.

But soft! he moves, a while retire; —
Ah! catch him, Love,
And flatt'ring Eccho fan the kindling Fire.

[She retires.]

Adon. What soft'ning Sounds my Senses charm?
And with unusual Joys alarm?

[Eccho] ——— Unusual Joys alarm.

Adon. O tell me! tell me, ye melodious Choir!
What gives my Heart this soft, unknown Desire?

[Eccho] ——— Unknown Desire.

Adon. What Voice is that? Who is't o'erhears me?

[Eccho] ——— O! hear me?

Adon. Some Fairy, sure, or Phantome near me!

[Eccho.] ——— Come near me!

Adon. I'll try, if yet again 'twill answer

[*Eccho.*] ————— 'Twill Answer.

Adon. O sweet Delusion! to my Sense unfold thee:
If thou art real, let my Eyes behold thee.

[*Venus appearing.*] ————— Behold me!

Adon. Celestial *Venus*! ————— [*Surprisd.*

Ven. ————— O my Love!

Once more I come my Fate to prove.

Adon. Ah! Goddess, you have kill'd your Boy!

It must be Love has toucht my Heart,

Such Pain is in the Joy.

Such Pleasure in the Smart:

Too late I now my Folly see,

And ask that Pity which you begg'd of me.

Ven. What Heart could now refuse thee,

My Dearest, only Soul's Desire!

My Passion knows no measure:

O! may the circling Pleasure

But with the World expire!

Adon. What mean these Fears?

Ven. Ah! Ruin'd! lost!

See where the jealous *Mars* appears:

'Tis he! 'Tis he!

And this way seems to bend him!

Adon. What if it be?

Adonis never did offend him.

Ven. Here! here, my lovely Boy,

Unseen, secure, repose thee

While from his jealous Eye

These bending Boughs enclose thee.

[*Adonis* dies down, while she hides him with the
Boughs.]

Enter

Enter Mars to her.

*Mars. This the Brave from War returning,
With the tenderest Passion burning,
Fly with Joy to fold the Fair!
Not all Heroes fam'd in Story,
Nor their Triumphs, or their Glory,
Can their Joys with mine compare.*

*Ven. Ah! Cruel Mars! forbear! forbear!
My yielding Weakness to ensnare:
Too much of guilty Love I've known,
And must for Follies past atone.*

*Mars. What means this cold Reluctance? Why
Does Beauty's Queen her Hero fly?*

Ven. In vain you ask; for now I must deny.

*Mars. No more! no more!
These Female Arts give o'er:*

*Some lurking God usurps my Right,
On that, on that Presence you're Coy:
Since I no more can give Delight,
I will my Rival's Bliss destroy.*

Where have you hid this Minion? Where?

*Ven. Ah! don't disturb the Child! forbear!
'Tis poor sick Cupid just laid down to rest,
And his Disorder has my Mind oppress;
Else I with Joy had met my Mars,
But how can Beauty smile in Tears?*

Mars. Was that the Cause then?

Ven. ————— 'Twas no more ;
 For know, I still my *Mars* adore :
 In yonder Chrystal Fountain strait,
 (Where now my busy Nymphs await)
 I first will bathe, — then meet my Love,
 Kind as his Wishes in yon Myrtle Grove.

Mars. Forgive my Jealousy. —

Ven. ————— Away ;
 We soon will meet, and bless the Day.

Mars. Farewel, my Fair.

Ven. ————— Nay, haste. —

Mars. ————— Farewel.

Ven. He's gone : What Tongue my Joy can tell ?

Mars. [*Apart.*] So Coy, and Kind for slender
 Speaks my Presence out of Season ! [Reason
 Behind this Cover undiscern'd,
 This Female Secret may be learn'd.

[*He retires.*]

Ven. Arise ! Arise ! Come forth, my Love,
 Our dread Surprize is over ;
 Thy Rival's shifted to the Myrtle Grove,
 Like a Believing Lover.
 Why droops my Boy ? *Mars* has not seen us :
 Suppress thy Fears.

Mars. ————— O ! Constant *Venus* ! [*Behind.*]

Adon. -- Ah ! Goddess ! now no more thou'rt Fair ;
 Thy Charms adorn'd with Truth
 Might have subdu'd my Youth,
 But Falshood never shall my Heart ensnare.

Ven. --- O my Love, more Pity shew,

A MASQUE.

Is it a Crime in me,
If I abandon *Mars* for thee?

Adon. — On *Mars* alone your Vows bestow.

On Love, what greater Curse can fall,
Than Loving one that can't be True :
The wanton Heart, that's kind to all,
With endless Anguish we pursue.

Horns, and Voices at a Distance.

[*Within*] Hark! Hark! *Adonis*, Hark! Away!

Ven. Thus, thus in Love's Embraces bound. —

[*Holding him.*

Adon. No, no, the Boar is found,

Nor will I longer stay. —

[*Going.*

Mars offering to kill Adonis.

Mars. Hold, Traytor! take thy just Reward!

Ven. Ah! me! — This Bosom is his Guard.

[*Interposing.*

[*Adonis Kneeling.*]

Adon. Hold! hold, Dread *Mars*, on me let all
Your furious Vengeance fall;

I cannot see

A Goddess bleed for me:

If Blood alone

Can cure your Jealousy,

Adonis is the Cause of all.

Mars. O Perjur'd *Venus*! False as Fair!

Ven. O Kind *Adonis*! — O Despair!

Adon. Are these the Pleasures Lovers share?

[*All repeat the three last Lines in Chorus.*]

Mars.

VENUS and ADONIS:

Mars. It must, it shall be so;
 'Twere poor, my self to give the Blow: [*Apart*
Adonis, hence; but range these Woods no more,
 I'll leave my Vengeance to the Boar. [*Afid*

Adon. With Pleasure I obey thy Power. [*Ex. Adon*

Mars. O fading Joy! Hard-fated Love!
 What Pangs in thee we find!
 Shall never faithful Passion prove
 Few Truth and Beauty join'd?

Ven. O! *Mars*, unkind! Is this thy Love?
 Must this persuade me to the Grove?

Mars. 'Tis poor sick Cupid: — Think on that
 And tremble for thy Minion's Fate.

Ven. — O! spare the Boy, and to restore
 Thy Peace of Mind,
 I'll be for ever kind,
 And never see *Adonis* more.

Mars. No! no! I'll never trust thy Power.

[*Air in two Parts*]

Ven. — O! believe me! —

Mars. ————— No, no, no!

————— Thou'lt deceive me.

Ven. ————— No, no, no!

I shall ever *Mars* Adore.

Mars. I can never Trust thee more:

Ven. Ungrateful! I have lov'd thee,
 Nor hast thou lov'd in vain:

A MASQUE

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Mars. *Unfaithful I have prov'd thee,
And now will break the Chain.* [Ex. Mars.

Ven. He's gone! — and in his Eyes there late
A Menace of Adonis Fate!

O! Gods! my Fears are form'd too late!

Adonis supported by Huntsmen, Bleeding.

Adon. Ah! Goddess, lend thy bounteous Aid,
And heal the Wounds thy Eyes have made:

The Jealous Mars, provok'd to see

Thy Radiant Beauty smile on me.

While at the Furious Beast I strove,

My Launce in thousand shivers broke:

Disarm'd, I fell — when lo! the Boar

With fatal Tusk my Bosom tore,

Ven. — O! Terror to my Eyes!

— O! Tyrant Jealousy!

Adonis bleeds and dies,

And dies, poor Youth! for me.

Adon. O! welcome! welcome! gentle Death!

While thus I see

The Queen of Beauty mourn for me,

With Pleasure I resign my Breath. --- [Dies.

Ven. He's gone — the flitting Soul is fled!

But leaves his Wound with me,

Venus must ever mourn thee Dead

In painful Immortality.

Why shines the hateful Sun,

When such a piteous Deed is done?

A

28
VENUS and ADONIS:

A short Symphony.
Arise! black Storms and Tempests, rise! A.
For Deep Darkness shade the Day! O! O
Loud Thunders bellow through the Skies,
And forked Lightning play: O! O! O!

It Thunders, Lightens, and the Stage is Darken'd

O! Pleasing Horror! O! O! O!

O! Melodious Yell! O! O! O!

Hark! hark! O! O! O!

All Nature rings with Sorrow, O! O! O!

Poor Adonis Knell. O! O! O!

Let every tender Passion feel

Henceforth, like mine, the Lover's Hell,

And make Mankind as curst as I:

Unpitied Sighs, deceitful Tears,

Feuds! Falshood! Doubts, and groundless Fears,

For ever mingle with the Joy.

[Venus ascends in her Chariot.

Chorus of Huntsmen.

No more let mortal Heart

Of hapless Love complain,

Since Gods could never part

The Pleasure from the Pain.



F I N I S.